

CHRISTIAN UNION.

BY J. W. BEER.

A happy union God ordained
 Among his children here below;
 And we to this have well attained,
 And in our faith and practice show.
 In heart and life we strive to be
 As God instructs us in His word,
 In which our only rule we see,
 And this doth all His will afford.
 One body we, with members true,
 Which is the church of Christ, the Lord;
 One Spirit in this body too,
 To lead and guide us by the Word.
 One hope we in our bosoms have,
 The hope in Christ of life and rest:
 The soul's safe anchor, firm and sure,
 By which the faithful all are blessed.
 One Lord we have, our Savior dear,
 Who loved us all and died to save.
 This gracious Lord we love and fear;
 His saving power we need and crave.
 He hath redeemed us by his blood,
 And now he cleanses us from sin.
 He is the Holy Son of God,
 Through whom eternal life we win.
 One faith we have, and need no more,
 In direful storms it wavers not;
 By this we see the blissful shore
 Where all is pure, without a blot.
 By faith we walk, and not by sight—
 By faith in God's unfailing truth.
 This is the hope-inspiring light
 Which leads us to unchanging youth.
 There is a wat'ry rite for those
 Who surely, earnestly believe;
 Its mode the Saviour did disclose,
 And this converted souls receive.
 The Spirit with the water blends
 To purify and make us clean;
 This also lasting comfort lends,
 Which ev'ry faithful soul hath seen.
 One God, the Father of us all,
 In whom we live and trust and move.
 On Him, through His own Son, we call,
 And by our life our faith we prove.
 United thus, as God's own band,
 To Him we look for all we need:
 And He, with free and loving hand,
 The honest, seeking soul doth feed.
 Come brother, sister, neighbor, friend,
 Give us your hand and God your heart.
 Your plea to Him this moment send,
 And now for glory make a start.
 Through life's short journey you will feel
 'Tis well this pleasant race to run;
 And you shall hear a joyous peal
 To call you home when this is done.

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SPIRITUAL DEPTH.

When the apostle speaks of "the deep things of God," he means more than deep spiritual truth. There must be something before this. There must be a deep soil and a thorough foundation.

Very much of our spiritual teaching fails, because the people to whom we give it are so shallow. Their deeper nature has never been stirred.

The beatitudes begin at the bottom of things, the poor in spirit, the mourners, and the hungry hearts. Suffering

is essential to profound spiritual life. We need not go to a monastery or a leper hospital to find it. The first real opportunity for unselfishness will bring into your life the anguish of crucifixion, unless you are born of some different race from Adam's.

It is because men and women have not faced this that they know so little of suffering and death. We must have deep convictions. Truth must be to us a necessity, and principle a part of our very being.

When a certain Roman soldier was told by his guide that if he insisted on taking a certain journey it would probably be fatal, he answered, "It is necessary for me to go; it is not necessary for me to live." That was depth. When we have convictions like that we shall come to something.

The shallow nature lives in its impulses, its intuitions, its impressions, its instincts, and very largely in its surroundings. The profound character looks beyond all these and moves steadily on, sailing past all the storms and clouds into the clear sunshine which is always on the other side, and waiting for the afterwards which always brings the reversion of sorrow and seeming defeat and failure.

When God has deepened us, then He can give us his deeper truths, His profounder secrets, and His mightier trusts.

A KINDLY DEED.

A writer tells, in the *Boston Gazette*, of a lady who was traveling from Providence to Boston with her week-minded father. Before they arrived there he became possessed of a fancy that he must get off the train while it was still in motion; that some absolute duty called him. His daughter endeavored to quiet him, but it was difficult to do it, and she was just giving up in despair when she noticed a very large man watching the proceedings intently over the top of his newspaper. As soon as he caught her eyes he arose and crossed quickly to her.

"I beg your pardon," he said, "you are in trouble. May I help you?" As soon as he spoke she felt perfect trust in him. She explained the situation to him. "What is your father's name?" he asked.

She told him, and with an encouraging smile he bent over the gentleman who was sitting in front of her, and said a few words in his ear. With a smile the gentleman arose, crossed the aisle and took the vacant seat, and the next moment the large man had turned over the seat, and toward the troubled old man, had addressed him by name, shaken hands cordially, and engaged him in a conversation so interesting and so cleverly arranged to keep his mind occupied, that he forgot his need to leave the train, and did not think of it again until they were in Boston. Here the stranger put the lady and her charge into a carriage, received her assurance that she felt perfectly safe, had cordially shaken her hand, and was about to close the carriage door when she remembered that she had felt so safe in the keeping of this noble-looking man that she had not even asked his name. Hastily putting her hand against the door she said:

"Pardon me, but you have rendered me such a service, may I not know whom I am thanking?"

The big man smiled as he answered, "*Phillips Brooks*," and turned away.

THE INDIAN'S REPLY.

A trader was once trying to persuade an Indian brother that the Moravian missionaries were not privileged teachers. "They may be what they will," replied the Indian, "but I know what they have taught me, and what God has wrought within me. Look at my poor countryman there, lying drunk before the door. Why do you not send your privileged teachers to convert them if you can? Only four years ago, I also lived like a beast, and none of you troubled himself about me; but these dear missionaries came and preached the cross of Christ, and I experienced the power of His blood, so now I am freed from the dominion of sin. These are the teachers we want."

Payson: I swim in a sea of glory, the prospect of eternity fills me with joy beyond the power of utterances."

James Harvey: "O welcome, welcome death! Thou mayest well be reckoned amongst the treasures of the Christian."